GOOD BYE.

Farewell, farewell is a lonely sound,
And always brings a sigh,—
But give to me when loved ones part
That sweet old word good-bye,
That sweet old word good-bye,
That sweet old word good-bye,
But give to me when loved ones pe
That sweet old word good-bye.

Parewell, farewell may do for the gay,
When pleasure's throng is nigh,
But give to me that better word,
That comes from the heart good-bye.
That comes from the heart good-bye
That comes from the heart good-bye
But give to me that better word
That comes from the heart good-bye

Adieu, adieu we hear it oft,
With a tear, perhaps with a sigh,
But the heart speaks most, when the lips move
And the eye speaks the gentle good-bye.
And the eye speaks the gentle good bye
But the heart speaks most when the

And theeye speaks the gentle go Farewell, farewell is never heard,
When a tear's in the Mother eye,
Adieu, adieu she speaks it not,
But my love good-bye, good-bye,
But my love good-bye, good-bye,
But my love good-bye, good-bye,
Adieu, adieu she speaks it not,
But my love good-bye, good-bye.

Written for the Standard CARRY LATON. KINDNESS REWARDED

BY KATE LAWRENCE.

CHAPTER I. 'Good morning, Miss Hurlbut, 'cried Fanny Stacy as she ran up and caught the hand of

her teacher.

'Good morning, Fanny, replied she stooping down and kissing her blue eyed pupil. 'But why was you not at school yesterday, my dear?'

'Oh! Pa took ma and me to the springs, and me annot think what a nice time we had. you cannot think what a nice time we had .jumping up and down looked so pretty—I do wish you could have been with us, continued the pratting child, her eyes sparkling with

pleasure.

'I should have liked it much, said Miss Horlbut with a smile, 'but I will hear a description of your visit some other time, which I presume will fully compensate me for not going, for I wish to talk a few moments with my friend, so run on my darling and join Carry. Is she not a sweet child? said she turning to a

lady who was walking by her side, as Fanny bounded along to overtake her school mate. 'She is indeed,' returned the other, but who is that other little girl, who neither spoke nor was spoken to? I think her full as pretty as your favorite.

But if as pretty, she is not as good, said Miss Hurlbut. 'Fanny Stacy is wild and free as a fawn, and her heart is as free from guile, while on the contrary Carry Laton is si-lent and reserved, I might almost say sulky, seldom speaking a pleasant word to any one, to care whether or no others are if her wishes are complied with.pleasant, if her wishes are complied with.—
She says she loves no one, and wants no one
to love her. But I do not know as she is to
blame for this. The situation of the two girls
has been only different, Carry's father drinks
a good deal, and, when intoxicated abuses his
family shamefully. The cares, disappointments, and troubles, of which she has had her
share, has changed the kind, affectionate and
beautiful Mrs. Laton, to a cold, morose and
any thing but a pleasant woman, so that it is
when engaged in making others happy. But any thing but a pleasant woman, so that it is not to be wondered at, that Carry is different now Carry for your story, for the Dr. will from her gay companion who has been sur-rounded by those whose chief aim is to do

'She is indeed to be jitled,' replied the other, 'and to be loved the more.'
'I will confess she had,' said Miss Hurlbut but yet there is not a scholar in school that I

dislike more than her.'
'This is wrong Ida,' replied her friend in a of a sweet re-union at his feet,' and with many

and affectionate, over ready to do good when it lay in her power, but her heart was given more to the world than to God. The morning on which we have introduced her to you, she had met an old and much loved friend, whom she had not seen before in years, and who was about starting for Europe. This lady dearly loved the Savior, and prompted by this love, she endeavored during the few moments she had to spend with Miss Huribut to show her

wounded by Carry's words, she drew the weep-ing child to her bosom and told her as long as she remained, she should never want a friend

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER II.

The summer passed away and Miss Hurlbut's school closed. A few months after, she married Mr. Elmont, a promising young doctor, to whom she had been long engaged, and with many others emigrated to the then, far off 'village' of Chicago. The avocations of the husband frequently called him among the poor and lowly, and there she often accompanied him, soothing the sick, relieving the needy, and pouring the healing balm of consolation into the breaking heart. Every where her presence was hailed with delight for none know but to love her.

but to love her.

That time passed swiftly on, and the quietness of the little village, changed to the busy activity of the city. It was a cold morning in December that Mrs. Elmont left for the purpose of calling on a poor woman, who lived in the suberbs of the city, and who was dangerously ill, and to see if there was aught that she could do to alleviate her distress. Her gentle rap was answered by a sweet voice, which bade her enter she did so, although she had seen much of suffering and misery before, she had never seen anything that could be compared with the scene before her. Three small children, with clothing is sufficient to shelter them from the piercing cold were hovering over a few expiring coals. A poor emaciated weman lay upon a bed of straw in another corner, while a broken chair, a table, a few dishes comprised the furniture. A young girl of some nineteen the furniture. A young girl of some nineteen summers stood by the bed side, seeking to comfort,—while she administered the cordial to the friendless woman. A robe of green velvet encompassed a form of extreme leveliness. Her brown carls fell unfastened down her neck while her dark hazol eyes beamed with love

while her dark hazel eyes beamed with love and affection.

"How is the lady this morning," asked Mrs. Elmont advancing to her side. 'But poorly,' replied she, glancing at the new comer, but as she did so the spoon she held fell upon the floor, and casting one scrutenizing glance upon her, she sprang forward and threw her arms around her neck, exclaiming 'Miss Hurlbut, my dear dear Miss Hurlbut, can it be possible;' Mrs. Elmont seanned every feature for a moment—then said, I have no recollection of seeing you before, may I ask your name?

The young girl raised her dark eyes to the face of Mrs. Elmont, saying. 'Do you not remember your little pupil Carry'—

Carry Laton, yes, yes, I recognize you now,' cried Mrs. Elmont interrupting her.' Oh! how glad I am to see you, but how is it that you are so far from home? gazing in surprise at the rich robe of Carry. 'I am not far from home,' replied she divining the thought of her friend. 'My parents are in the city, but let us attend to our duty now, and then I will accompany you home where I will relate some inci-

pany you home where I will relate some inci-dents cennected with my history, which may interest you.

Before the friends left, a bright fire was blazing on the hearth, a physician had been called and relief administered to the poor woman, when engaged in making others happy. home ere long.

'It is sad,' replied Carry, 'but it may be interesting. You remember my condition when I attended your school in Cortland, a poor ignoignorant selfwilled child, and in many respects imilar to those poor children we have just left, reduced to want and misery by a drinking father You se me now and wonder why the change? You remember also, no doubt the kind but reproving tone, it is very wrong, kindnes you showed me at that time, you was Carry no doubt would have been a very different child had she been treated different.—
From your description of her parents is is not to be expected she is treated with much affections.—
Change. Although a child in age, I had by to be expected she is treated with much affection at home. Being co tinually with those who are unpleasant, she has imbibed their disposition. Every where she meets with unkindness. She does not know what it is to be loved, but although she may say not, she wo'd stay, to do all I could for the happiness of othloved, but although she may say not, she wo'd with a child affection cherish one who loved her. Now my dear Ida it is your duty and privilege to teach her how to be happy and how to render others happy. Study her character. Do as our Savior would do was He here, take her in your arms and love her, and it may be the means of saving her many an unpleasant hour; if so you will be amply rewarded. But here we are at the door of your little domicil, and I suppose we must part, not to meet again in years, perhaps never. But oh! lot us live for Jesus, and we shall be sure of a awaset re-union at his feet, and with many to some of my little playmates, for they no lonto some of my little playmates, for they no lontoars the friends parted, never to meet again on earth.

Miss Hurlbut was frank, intelligent, kind ing some time I entered, and found Mother sitting on the last broken stool, crying, advan-eing, I threw moself at her feet and begged of her to tell me what was the cause of her grief gazing upon me for a moment, she lifted me

she had not seen before in years, and who was about starting for Europe. This lady dearly loved the Savior, and prompted by this love, she endeavored during the few moments she had to spend with Miss Hurlbut to show her the meek and lowly Jesus in his true light, and ere they parted, she had the happiness of hearing her say that henceforth her life should be devoted to his cause, and her future career showed that this promise was never forgotten.

The next morning after the consultation above related, as Miss Hurlbut entered the school-room, she saw Carry Laton sitting in one coroor with her head upon her hands, crying as if her little heart would break. The promise of the morning before flashed upon her mind, so stepping up to Carry she sat down beside her, drawing her nearer to her, said, 'My dear Carry what is the matter? what makes you feel so bad this morning?'

Carry looked up in surprise, but made no reply.

'Will you not tell me my love?' urged Miss Hurlbut.

At this Carry's tears herst, out afcesh, and Carry listen to use a moment, I was not al "Will you not tell me my love?" urged Miss Hurlbut.

At this Carry's tears burst out affeesb, and throwing her arms around her teachers neck she sobbed aloud. At length, however, she said, "Oh! Miss Hurlbut, the girls have been so most. All my endeavors to win him back, tho Mother was a real mean woman, and that there was no one that liked me nor never would, I am as ocross. I know my mother and father aint as good as theirs, but I cannot help it her arms, "that a blessing have I found in you. For years I have hose less than I desired. But we was and over the had, as her friend hinted, entirely mistaken her character, she saw though a small child, she folt like a woman. Both surprised and

carnest prayers have brought me back to God, and I hope and trust thy Savior is mine.'

'Oh! Mrs. Elmont,' continued Carry, 'imagine my happiness, yes; it was indeed a happy hour. Our souls together held sweet communion with one Savior, and when before had been enacted many a heart-rending scene, was now the place of sacred converts with God.—
The next morning I bid adieu to home and mother, to live with strangers, I did not return again until nearly a year and a half had clapsed, at which time I recieved a letter, which bade me return instantly, as my mother was ed, at which time I recieved a letter, which bade me return instantly, as my mother was dangerously ill For two long weeks, I watched with the most unwearied attention by her side, when although it seemed like a miracle, her disease turned and the physician pronounced her out of danger. Oh! what joy those words brought to my heart. But it required the best of care to bring her back from the brink of the grave.

brink of the grave.

"Twas evening. The moon rolled on its silent course, in all the beauty of greatness.—
The stars looked mischievously down from their hidden coverts, and all without seemed happy. The clock had just struck twelve.—
When I had done all for Mother that was required that night, and she had sank into a gentle sleep, which I hoped might last till morning, I took my sewing (for I was obliged to work while she slept,) and sat down by the flickering lamp. There was naught to disturb my meditations, and they I knew not why, were sad. But I ask why should they not be sad? I was thinking of my father. All at once, the thought, why could he not be saved? flashed across my mind. My work dropped. Try it, try it, resounded in my cars. Throwing myself on my knees, I, with many tears, besought wisdom and assistance from above. I arose

self on my knees, I, with many tears, besought wisdom and essistance from above. I arose with a firm resolution to do what I could, 'though that little should prove vain. Throwing on a bonnet, I emerged into the street, and bent my steps towards the tavern. What was I to do when I reached it? A little girl not yet thirteen; I knew not, I cared not, if my yet thirteen; I knew not, I cared not, if my purpose was only accomplished. As I reached the door, I heard the sound of many voices, and such horrid blasphemy as I nover heard before fall upon my ear. For a moment I stood irresolute, it was however but a moment. I opened the door and entered, Oh! what a scene was presented to my view. But permit me to pass over it, for the thoughts of it awaken all the horror I then felt. It was too late to retrace my steps, noither did I feel so inclined. My purpose was too firm to be easily shaken. My sudden entrance, seemed to surprise the degraded beings before me, and for a moment stopped their carousal. I saw this was the time to act and I improved it well. Rushing to my father and clasping his saw this was the time to act and I improved it well. Rushing to my father and clasping his hands in mine, I fell upon my knees and raising my eyes to heaven, cried in a clear voice, though with much emotion, Oh God! save, Oh! save, Oh! do save my father. Remaining still in a kneeling position, I besought him with all the energy I could command, with prayers and tears, to leave that place then and forever, to return with me, and make our home once more a hance one. There easing I throw myself at

a happy one. Then rising I threw myself at the feet of the landlord, and entreated, by all that was dear to him, by his hope of ever-lasting happiness, by the Great God who was waiting for his answer, never to sell my fath-or another drop of liquor of any kind, lifting me to my feet, and raising one hand to heaven, he said, in a voice scarcely audible, 'While God and the angels listen, I solemnly promise, never to sell another drop of liquor to any man woman or child.' Oh! how those few words lightened the load in my heart. Not a word disturbed the solemnity of the scone. Stepleading him to the door, gave it to me saying. Lead him home, and may God help you.' Arriving at the house, he threw himself on the floor, I knew not whether to reflect or aleep .-But for me what an eventful night,! I could not sleep, but spent the remainder in prayer and thanksgiving. As soon as day-light dawned, he arose and left the house. Not a word was spoken, you may imagine the anxiety I felt But bright hopes burned in for his return. my bosom, and I could anticipate naught but happiness. But I was not idle, I arranged every thing in the neatost manner, and prepared our humble meal with the utmost care. Then as mother had awaken, I went to attend to her, propped her up in the bed, arranged her hair, &c, carefully concealing every event of the night before. Hours passed on, although they seemed like weeks to me. The clock struck nine. I heard a step. The door opened, and my father entered. His bright smile told me what I had so longed to know. Arising, I

vas a temperance pledge. The next momen those two so longed estranged, were clasped in each other's arms. The cause of this was related to mother, and together we murmured thanks for such happiness. The rest is soon told. The Landlord's sign was taken down and, 'no liquor sold here,' substituted. My father resumed his trade, customers flocked around him, a better house was found, mother's health improved, I was placed at school, and happiness took the place of misery. Some time ago father read a letter from an old friend, time ago father read a letter from an old friend, who has long resided here, and who offered him a place in his clothing store, which was accepted, and three weeks ago we arrived, and are doing well. But continued she, throw-

give my faults, we will still be happy.' Leading him to the bedside, I handed mother the

paper, who received it with astonishment. It

ing her arms around Mrs. Elmont's neck, 'all my happiness I shall justly attribute, under God, to you, my faithful friend and teacher. A WORD IN SEASON FROM TENNESSEE

The staunch Whig and honorable politician William Cullom, of the fourth Congresions District of Tennessee, made a speech in the House of Representatives on Tuesday last, that sounded like a blast of the old Whig bugle to the ears of politicians. The following is an

"The streams of logislation are damned up by this defarious project—the Nebraska-Kan-sas bill—which he denounced as the work of politicians, to strangle the legislation of the country, for personal aggrandizement. He believed in the face of God, that he would be a

From the Dublin Magazine.

A Peep Behind the Scenes.

HILLSDALE, TUESDAY APRIL 52, 1854.

"His rising heart betrayed Remorse for all the wreck it made. Her tale untold—her truth too deeply proved."

"You here, mon ami! Who would expect to "You here, mon ami! Who would expect to find you here in such a place as this?"

The scene was the cemetery of Pere la Chaise; the exclamation occasioned by the presence of a young man whom I encountered suddenly in a shady spot, closely bordering on the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, I had been standing in a sentimental mood for at least half-an-hour. Now, there was no doubt he had as much right in the pretty burial-ground as I. The pleasant May breeze was as free for him as for me; the sanshine was common property; the soft willow leaves had not opened themselves exclusively for my enjoyment; nor had presence of a young man whom I encountered suddenly in a shady spot, closely bordering on the temporal and Heloise, I had been standing in a sentimental mood for at least half-sn-hour. Now, there was no doubt he had as much right in the pretty burial-ground as I. The pleasant May breeze was as free for him as for me; the sanshine was common property; the soft willow leaves had not opened themselves exclusively for my enjoyment; nor had the scented violets bloomed for me alone.—
Nor should I have exclaimed thus, had I met him anywhere else in possession of these sweet spring privileges; but here—in Pere la Chaise—that was the wonder! and therefore I ex—The white garland lay upon her coffin; I alone him anywhere else in possession of these sweet spring privileges; but here—in Pere la Chaise—that was the wonder! and therefore I ex-

place as this?

He smiled-not the smile that electrified the smiled—not the smile that electrined the audience every evening in the theatre, but a melancholy smile, tinctured with satire, that I should share the common prejudice—that comic actors must be comic fellows.

"Pardon me,,' I said answering this look.—
"I am aware I have no right to enquire; but confess a god of mirth is not often seen wandering among the towns."

confess a god of mirth is not often seen wandering among the tombs!"

"Not often sought there at any rate," said D.—, "But do you think this place sad?,

"On the contrary, to me it is cheerful as the gayest promenade in Paris. The dead are so cared for, their taste so minutely consulted, their tombs so prettily decked, and one's tho'ts are pleasantly sobered down, but by no means oppressed as in our English burying-grounds."
"Ah! everything is sad in your country," said the Frenchman, raising his eyebrows pit-

ously. "While here," I said, laughing, "only the mic actors are so.

D—— passed his arm through mine.
"You shall see why," he said briefly; and me along the narrow pathway by which

Presently we stood beside a temb hong with wreathes of everlastings, and planted with choice flowers.

Os the simple cross, of purest marble, was

"Estelle de B-Aged eighteen years."

The words, "To my daughter," were also in-The words, "To my daughter," were also inscribed below; and among the garlands were
many in which the words, "A ma Fille," had
been interwoven. One evidently placed among the rest, bore this motto, "Regrets eternal," in black and white immortelles.

I stood leaking at this resting place of some
cherished child, who had just budded into wo-

man, to be culled by death, and wondering how many there was in the circle that once idelized her; who still brought flowers to her grave, when D- laying his hand lightly upon my arm, pointed to a seat near us. He was in ne of those moods when the soul, too weak to boar alone the sorrow that weighs it down, turns to the first comer, and finds relief by

the more utterance of his woe. "Sit down," he said; "I will tell you her

"You know her?" I asked. but waited till his emotion had passed away .-Presently he continued—"A year ago she was pure and beautiful as an angel. We met, we loved, and she is there!"

"You were faithless?" I asked reproachfully. who watched over her. Enough; she was mine-mine forever, as I fendly thought, but love had mingled poison with its sweets. Can angels fall, and forget the heavens they have lost! Estelle's remorse was greater than her lost! Estelle's remorse was greater than her love; the one would have given her immortality—the other planted death in her bosom.

"Suddenly I lost sight of my beloved. In

stooping down kissed me, then placing a paper in my hand, said in a low voice, 'Give this to your mother, love, and tell her if she can forno longer visited them; in vain placed letters in the hands of our confidente: she never came

"Fool that I was to doubt her! to fancy thing could shake her faith, or make her false to her rows of constancy. Had she not sacri-ficed all for me?—forgotten family and parents, nay reaven itself?—and yet I mistrusted her!
"I ceased my inquiries—I sought to forget

"One evening I was disturbed while at dinner by the announcement of a stranger. was the medical adviser of Estelle's family.—
He came to tell me that Mdlle, Do B——
was dangerously ill; and in consequence of
mental aberration, as her friends supposed,
had been calling on my name, and entreating that she might see me once more before she died. By the doctor's advice, and as a last re-source, her parents had consented to this strange request, and now sent to invite me in their house, hoping the sight of me would be suffic-ient to dispel the dying girl's delusion. There was an intelligent look in Dr. L's. face as he told me this, which gave me intuitive confidence in him, and convinced me, when I after-ward recalled it, that he had a strong suspicion of the real state of the case, which was o

less confirmed by my overwhelming grief.
"I flew to the dwelling of my beloved; and the doctor insisting that only he and I should

home. I knew I could not reach it—it mat-tered not. It seemed to me some miracle most have worked in my favor—that some one wo'd

The white garland lay upon her coffin; I alone knew that she who slept beneath it had no right to bear that wreath."

From the United States Economist. CALIFORNIA GOLD.

In our last number we published the unusual fact of a return cargo of Atlantic produce, ombracing some 2,000 barrels of flour, from San-Francisco, as being there unsaleable, prices having been at one time much higher here than there. The fact indicates clearly that the production of gold will be largely increased, inasmuch as that it marks a great rise in the value of that article—a rise so great as to make it, for the first time, profitable to the diggers. This marks a new era in the history of California. When her gold was discovered it was difficult of sale. The diggers were required to give a large quantity for a small proportion of outraging the laws of the other. There is not bracing some 2,000 barrels of flour, from San

California. When her gold was discovered it was difficult of sale. The diggers were required to give a large quantity for a small proportion of the necessaries of life. The man whose labor yielded him one and a half to two ounces, 25a and whose hand is not tied by some fanatical \$30 per day, got rich no faster than he who earned \$1 in the Atlantic State. The shippers of the produce, freighters and merchants made money, because they got the gold at so cheap a rate. This naturally had a two-fold influence; it discouraged the production of sold and promoted the sungly of all those cheap a rate. This naturally had a two-fold influence: it discouraged the production of gold, and promoted the supply of all those things in comparison of which it was cheap.—This supply has been afforded by increased importations and local productions, until now gold is the dearest relatively.

The decline in food, building materials, tools, alchies according in short required by the

clothing, everything in short required by the digger, has been marked, while improved means of communications between the mines and the cities have placed them within the reach of the digger. If we take four articles—say flour, beef, pork and butter—in illustration, the comparative values Nov. 1852, and Feb. 1854

Nov.— Flour,1 bbl Beef,1 bbl Pork1 bbl	-1852 \$40,00 17,00 45,00	Feb,—1854. #3,00 11,00 17,00	Decrease #32,00 6,00 37,00
Butter, 199 lbs	41,00	12,00	29,90
Total 4 bbls.	\$152.09	\$48,00	8104,00

say, for 2½ ounces of gold in 1852, he got one barrel of flour, he now gets fire barrels for the same quantity. If he made wages before, he gets rich now for the same amount of labor; and he now encounters less competition in the mines, because great numbers have left, to do better in other pursuits. Among th ture has been the most successful, and California will this year raise all the bread that she wants herself. These results we indicated as in process of development, in our number for Nov

as sincere a passion as my soul is capable of. How often have these quiet spots witnessed our glad meetings; how often has the solemn the average quantity at \$500, which among How often have these quiet spots witnessed our glad meetings; how often has the solemn shade of cathedral pillars, or the glitter of a masked ball, concealed our love from those gradually flew in, and private mints and pubmics. lie assay office supplied currency, and may have reduced the quantity per head which each man required; so that, as the number in-creased, the aggregate may have been kept good. In such a state of affairs, it is obvious that, when prices fall to one-half or one-third, a great deal less gold is required to be kept for currency than when prices are high. From vain I sought her in her former haunts; she this source a supply of gold may be apparently kept up for export, when the quantity accline of all the articles for which gold is exchanged takes place, through greater supplies, its value enhanced, a great and direct stimulus is given to the production of gold. According-ly, the recent arrivals from California bring us

Was a sea-taring man, the search of in twenty years.

The intelligence wrote out that he was enti-

the following account:
"All is now industry throughout the mines, and almost every gulch, creek, or flat yielding its till now hidden wealth, rewarding the hardy miner who plies his tom or rocker, or who has placed his sluice to take advantage of some loeality where this method of mining will answer. Many are dragging forth for washing, from the bowels of the hills, dirt hidden hundreds of feet below the surface, which nothing but expensive experiments have proved to con tain gold, and which now yields a handsome return to steady labor.'

How Mex "Bust Up."-Mon with onassi ming wives never fail. It is the husbands of such wives as Mrs. Dash and Lady Brillants. who find themselves face to face with the Sheriff and certain mysterious documents adorned with red tape and wafer's big enough for target exercise. The desire of a New York feminine is to outshine her neighbors—not in mental acquirements but in gingerbread ornaments and gold edge coal scuttles. If Mrs.
Dash gives a game supper—woodcock stuffed
with gold dust—Lady Brillants takes the wind enter the sick room, scarcely a moment elapsed ere I stood in her presence.

"Her open arms received me, her eyes flash ed with the same pleasure as of yore; but ohl how changed—Estelle, Estelle."

The unhappy man bent his head and sobbed aloud.

I did not attempt to comfort him; I knew remorso was mingled with his grief, and that it was better so.

He went on after awhile—

"At seven o'clock I was compelled to be at the theatre to perform in the first and last pieces. It was within half an hour of the time.

"She suffered me to go with difficulty."

ments and gold edge coal scuttles. If Mrs. Dash gives a game supper—woodcock stuffed with gold dust—Lady Brillants takes the wind out of her sail by getting up another in which the prevailing dish will be birds of paradise swimming in a gravy made of melted pearl.—
It is this rivalry, and not "dabbling in railroad stocks," that brings ruination to the fast men of Wall street. The "ill-fortune" of which they complain, is no more or loss than a brainless wife. If they would come back to happiness they should direct their attention not to the fluctuation of the stock market but to the ruinous absurdaties of thoir fire-side. Thousand dollar repasts don't pay while the merchant who purchases hundred dellar handkerchiefs who purchases hundred dellar handkerchiefs to the United States, and dated October 6, 1817. complain, is no more or less than a brainless wife. If they would come back to happiness they should direct their attention not to the fluctuation of the stock market but to the ruinous absurdities of their fire-side. Thousand dollar repasts don't pay while the merchant who purchases hundred dollar handkerchiefs for a duck of a wife," should not wonder if the time eventually comes when a "goose of a husband" lacked shirts and but ill supplied with seed as the spirit had said when the communication was first written.

> During the last fifty years the Episcopal Clergy in this country have increased in num-ber about 200 to 1,700, and their communicants tom 10,000 to 103,000.

*I have not lived lightly," as the man thought, when he married a widow weighing three hundred pounds.

From the London Times, Murch 29 THE WAR DECLARATION.

tered not. It seemed to me some miracle most have worked in my favor—that some one wo'd meet me with news of her—that time itself would stand still in my behalf. The night air, the exercise, recalled me to my senses; I stopped, unconscious of my madness, retracted my steps.

"Enough; it was over at last! both pieces; and at midnight I reached the house. I had rushed from the stage without changing my dress, I knew she would not reproach me for such haste.

The entrance door was open; the concisers.

The WAR DECLARATION.

War is deel red. A peace which has lasted the unexampled period of 39 years, which me ny fondly hoped was to last as many more, is there most powerful States of Europe are once more engaged in a struggle, the duration, the end, and the results of which no one can tell; but it is too likely to produce disasters and sufferings, of which we are mercifully spared the foreknowledge. It is not for us to attempt to lift up the veil of a futurity which must be sad in many respects; nor is there any need.

futurity which must be sad in many respects; nor is there any need.

No alternative is left us; the decision has been taken out of our hands; and, unless we would submit, with our allies, to crouch under the indolent dictation of a barbarle power, and see the liberties of Europe disappear under the tramp of the Cossack, we had no other course than to do what has now been done it sad and solemn form. The eight of the document which we publish to day will call many to their senses, who to the last have speculated on the chances of war as a still remote contingency, or have looked at it in its holiday aspects.

pects.

If the mere sight of a manifeste to which we If the mere sight of a manifeste to which we are happily so little used, might sober the most thoughtless, the perusal of it will remove every scruple from those who do not think all war unjustifiable. The document do s justice to the long and anxious efforts of France and England to heal the rupture which the Czar had all along determined never should be heal-

ly and ungradingly, from the conviction that Heaven has put them upon us, and that the only way to save ourselves, and fulfil our part of the terrible drama, is to strike with all our might, and lot the great culprit see at once the tremendous power he has presumed to set at nought. We have been slow to take the decisive step. The Russian has evidently concluded that we preferred pegulation to action: cluded that we preferred negotiation to action; the very population of St. Petersburgh has been taught that we are too commercial to be real warriors, and too fond of profit to be keen-

ly sensitive to wrong. Now that we have thrown away the seabbard, and stand face to face with our insolent antagonist, it only remains to disabuse him thoroughly of this imaginary estimate of our temper and our power. That, we have no doubt, will be done, but it will be done all the more readily by our gallant fleet and army, if it be Total,... 4 bbls. \$152,09 \$45,00 Feating of the man who dug gold in 1852 was required to give nine and a half ounces for those articles which he gets now for three ounces; that is to venge their death, till soon or late the rights

CURIOUS AND SAID TO BE TRUE.

Henry D. Mitchel, of Vermont, has furnished bone of a bona fide case of important informa-tion being obtained through the means of spiritual rappors, which is worth reading. facts are thus condensed for the Buffalo Republie, from which we take them:

It is to be remarked that the circulation of It seems that the wife of this Mr. Mitchell "You were faithless?" he repeated. "No; men are not faithless to women like Estelle, especially when they stoop from a high-born sphere to love one infinitely below them. Unworthy as I was of her innocent love, I returned it with I was of her innocent love, I returned it with this was retained in pouches, as dust, and sold this was retained in pouches, as dust, and sold entitled him to a quarter section of the public entitled him to a quarter section of the public entitled him to a quarter section of the public land. Henry being now but forty-two years old, has no recolection of his father, who died some four or five years after he was born.— He knew that his father was entitled to the bounty land; but he did not know what he had done with his claim; nor had he ever made any effort to escertain anything about it.

A few weeks ago the hand of Mrs. Mitchel

moved to write, as was frequently the case, and the name of her husband's father was written. This being the first time that an intelligence purporting to be his father had communicated to him, the inquiry was "if he had anything of importance to communicate? The answer immediately was, "Yes, I know that you would like some information about my land," This reply was unexpected by Mr. Mitchel, as he was thinking at the time upon a brother, who was a ses-faring man, and whom he had not

tled to a quarter section of land for services rendered in the war of 1812, and that the land had been located in what is now called Pike county, in the State of Illinois, and that he died while on his way to Washington. He directed his son to write on to Washington, as the patent had never been issued from the office there, and that the land was now valuable, and justly belonged to his heirs. Mr. Mitchel showed his common ation to several spirituallists who advised him to write on to Washington, as it would prove a practical and severe test of the identity of the intelligence.—He accordingly wrote to Hon. James Mescham, one of the Vermont delegation in Congress, requesting him to make an examination of the

On the 21st inst., he received from Mr. Mea cham his papers, and a copy of the record with the official seal of Hon. John Wilson, Land Commissioner, showing that his father was ontitled to a quarter section of land; and that it was located and recorded, October 16, 1817—thirty six years ago. The following is an ex-

eation was first written.

Here the skeptie who stands atar off and cries humbug, without during to investigate, has a fair opportunity to convince himself of the truth or falsity of one important alledged

Fifteen persons are now under arrest at New York, charged with massing counterfeit bills on the Cranston Bank, R. I.